Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
Kin. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Heere *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo I ſweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh mee
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend.
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloceſter* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloteſter.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue ſpent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe inteligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
I hate it and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my noble couſen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentilemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whome my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept heereafter,
I would to God all ſtrife were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne leige I do beſeech your maieſty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus ſcornd in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniury to ſcorne his coarſe. (he is?
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet* as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord and noone in this preſence
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But He poore ſoule by our firſt order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the counntermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition. *Enter D*